And win us royal thanks?"—And
this seemed good
To all: and through the branching
underwood
We hid us, cowering in the leaves.
And there
Through the appointed hour they
made their prayer
And worship of the Wand, with one
accord
Of heart and cry—"Iacchos,
Bromios, Lord,
God of God born ! "—And all the
mountain felt,
And worshipped with them ; and the
wild things knelt
And ramped and gloried, and the
wilderness
Was filled with moving voices and
dim stress.
Soon, as it chanced, beside my
thicket-close
The Queen herself passed dancing,
and I rose
And sprang to seize her. But she
turned her face
Upon me : "Ho, my rovers of the
chase,
My wild White Hounds, we are
hunted ! Up, each
rod
And follow, follow, for our Lord and
God !"
Thereat, for fear they tear us, all
we fled
Amazed $ and on, with hand
unweaponed
They swept toward our herds that
browsed the green
Hill grass. Great uddered kine
then hadst thou seen
Bellowing in sword-like hands that
cleave and tear,
A live steer riven asunder, and the
air
Tossed with rent ribs or limbs of
cloven tread,
And flesh upon the branches, and a
red
Rain from the deep green pines.
Yea, bulls of pride,
Horns swift to rage, were fronted
and aside
Flung stumbling, by those
multitudinous hands
Dragged pitilessly. And swifter
were the bands
Of fearbid flesh and bone unbound
withal
Than on thy royal eyes the lids may
fall.

Then on like birds, by their own speed upborne,
They swept toward the plains of waving corn